

Dublin, Sept. 15. 1871

My dear friend - Mrs May left us yesterday for
Cork & back today from Inceestown & home. She
told me to write to Mr May as soon as she was gone &
again to morrow. I have despatched the first letter &
mean to send the second - but was greatly puzzled by
the injunction till my daughter told me after she left
us that Mrs May had a presentiment she should never
reach home. We shall now see the value of such a notion. I
have no fears for her, & from her wishes I had have known
she had any for herself. She is a charming woman. I have
never had a pleasanter or an easier visitor - so lively, easy,
& talking so much & so very well. I do love a good talker &
I suppose that is at least one reason why I do like the Western
"Faction" so well. Mrs May was a week with us. She put
off making many of her purchases till she reached Dublin.
My daughter spent one day with her in this agreeable em-
ployment (to ladies) & my sister in law (who is first rate at
such work) another. While here she saw very few in a
social way but Webbs, but they enjoyed her thoroughly.
Of Mrs Webb I have a daughter in law, 2 sisters in law, & niece
& 4 cousins - all worthy & honest women.

I have no doubt but that Mr May will make a good piece

of work of the biography - at least so far as the fulness
& accuracy of the facts of his cousin's life, & the strength &
consistency of his anti-slavery conduct & testimony. I do
not know of any man who has left this life & done so much
with a single eye to the benefit of others, & who at the same
time has incurred so little of the blame that sticks, & made so
few if any enemies, as S. J. May. I regard it as a great blessing
& privilege that I have seen so much of him & conversed with him
so intimately.

What you say of the communistic spirit reminds me
of the gloomy foreboding of a long-headed & deep-thinking friend
of mine who called on me in my law office a few days ago.
He thinks the time will come before very long when the people
employed by others of all classes, animated by the spirit you speak
of, will rise up & claim an even share in the property of all who
have any, & that nobody will in future be allowed to accumulate
for himself only. My friend has little to do except to distract himself
with such meditations. I am as much discouraged as he is, but
being less philosophical & more cheerful, I prefer to let the world
go on, in the confidence that things in general are likely to go
on in the future pretty much as they have done heretofore, &
that it will be a long time before the majority of the owners of property
the wide world over give in to the theories of the workmen in the cities.

The last American news that has struck me very deeply is that terrible Revere railway collision, in which so many were scalded to death & so many others wounded & disabled for life, while the amount of actual torture inflicted must have been greater than in any other railway accident on record. I will try to send you some sketches from the Tribune giving particulars. Old Dr. ~~Irish~~ Ezra Garrison, formerly a staunch proslavery divine, & whom I used to regard as a moral monster, although I believe he was beloved by his congregation who cared nothing for slavery, lost his life. But the case that came nearest to me was that of W. L. Garrison, Jun. our friend's second son, & a very good & pleasant young man, who was terribly scalded about the head & hands. At one time it was feared that he would lose one of his hands by an operation to stop the progress of mortification - but the last accounts are more favorable. He is married to a daughter of Martha Wright of Auburn, youngest sister of Lucretia Mott. She is a very bright, witty, pleasant little woman & they have two fine bouncing children & are expecting another. Frank J. Garrison is my birthed, regular & copious correspondent. He gives me all the news of the family & their circle - but I have not heard from him since the news came over them. I did hear, however, that Mr & Mrs Villard & family who intended to sail for Germany on the 2nd of this month, have put back their voyage in consequence of their brother's accident.

During the Franco-German war I felt great sympathy
for the innocent sufferers from the calamities of war, & was
actively engaged in the efforts that were made to relieve them
— but my sympathy was for the people & not for the rulers — &
for the ruling classes in France I have a feeling of dislike & indef-
inite nature on account of their apparent assumption of property in
Italy — while they evidently wish to keep divided for the purposes
of their own national ambition & thus for a meddling ascendancy.
Caring nothing themselves for the Pope & his Religion, they would like
to make use of both as a means of keeping open Italy's wounds — as
far as I see it does not seem to be the object of any party in France
to remove the plague of ignorance & petty vanity which more than
anything else is the cause of the internal weakness of France. I lately
read in French & I own an abridgement of the *Life of the Cure of Ars near*
Lyon, which appears to be written in good faith & ~~gives~~ gives the history
of a priest who died a few years ago & who was a fair parallel to the
Catholic Saints of the Middle Ages. It wd be worth your while to borrow
the book & look it over. [Scene changes from home in suburbs to office
in city & with it the colour of my ink] — When I was in Boston I spent
a night at Milton with Dr H. Bowditch & he then spoke in high terms of
a *Dictionnaire General de Biographie et d'Histoire*, &c. par M. Charles
Desobry et Th. Bachelet, Par. 1857. Can you find out for me the cost of
the book if it is still to be had. If you can I may ask you to buy it for
me & bring it to London whenever you come. I don't mean you to go your-

self - but perhaps some French friend of yours will make
the enquiry on your behalf. Sept 15, 91

I have a great weakness for photographs. Madame
Langel sent me one of her self years ago with a veil over
her face. I wd much rather see her face than her veil. In
one of Lover's Irish songs, a peasant girl tells her admirer that
another of her admirers would kiss the ground she walks on. Paddy
replies "I would rather kiss you than the ground."

I had a note from Mrs. May by this morning's mail
written in pencil, from Cork. She got on well so far - was
met at the terminus by a cousin of mine who is always ready
to wait on my American friends, & was taken to drink & spend
the evening by two others, & on the whole had a good time.

Mrs. Frothingham & Mrs. Goddard to join her in the evening
from Kilkenny. They will probably be in Dublin today.

If you have anything to tell me of your own people -
Lancel, Deacy, or Weston, I have two willing ears. What of
Emma. I never hear from her & hardly ever of her.

Yours affectionately

Rich^d Webb

Ms. A 9.2 v. 32. 110. 82. (A)